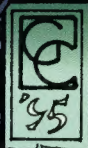


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35
SEP

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



McFARLANE
OLY
CALLEROS

image[®] COMICS PRESENTS:

"SET UP"



story
TODD McFARLANE

pencils
GREG CAPULLO

inks
TODD McFARLANE

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TOM ORZECOWSKI

color
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QUINN SUPPLEE
and **OLYOPTICS**

a special thanks to
KEVIN CONRAD
JULIA SIMMONS

Dedicated to:
ERNIE CHAN

FOR IMAGE COMICS

LARRY MARDER - exec. director TONY LOBITO - publisher

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Director Of Creative Development: TERRY FITZGERALD.
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WELCOME BACK
TWITCH

EARLY DURING HIS RECOVERY, THERE HAD BEEN A FEW SCARY REPORTS THAT HAD HIS FELLOW POLICEMEN SAYING PRAYERS. BUT NOW, EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT LIMP AND THE SLING CRADLING A FRACTURED ELBOW, DETECTIVE 'TWITCH' WILLIAMS APPEARS READY TO RETURN TO THE FORCE.

HARDEST HIT BY TWITCH'S ABSENCE WAS HIS PARTNER, **SAM BURKE**. NORMALLY A PILLAR OF UNWAVERING STRENGTH, SAM HAS BEEN HALF-HEARTEDLY WADING THROUGH HIS CASE FILES FOR WEEKS (EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE PERSONAL CASE).

NOW REUNITED, THE LAUREL-AND-HARDY DUO ARE ONCE AGAIN LIKE TWO LITTLE KIDS AT SUMMER CAMP.

I SWEAR, TWITCH. I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS. THE GUYS DID IT ON THEIR OWN.

SURE. SURE WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR.

C'MON. D'YOU THINK I'D BE ABLE TO PLAN SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

THE FIVE DOZEN JELLY-FILLED MEGA-DOUGHNUTS ARE A COINCIDENCE?





SO I
HAD A
LITTLE
INPUT.

HE'S RIGHT,
TWITCH. WE DID
THIS OURSELVES.
WE JUST WANTED
YOU TO KNOW
WE'RE BEHIND
YOU, BUDDY.



FOR TWITCH, WHO
HAD BEEN ANXIOUS
TO RETURN TO
WORK FOR DAYS,
ANOTHER TWENTY
MINUTES OF
SOCIALIZING
SEEMED AN ETER-
NITY. ONE CASE IN
PARTICULAR WAS
GNAWING AWAY
AT HIM.

NICE TO
HAVE YOU BACK,
LT. WILLIAMS.
YOUR PRESENCE
WAS GREATLY
MISSED BY
US ALL.

THANK
YOU, CHIEF
BANKS. I
APPRECIATE
THE KIND
WORDS.



WITH A SUBTLE
WINK TO BURKE,
TWITCH LETS HIS
PARTNER KNOW THAT
IT'S TIME TO GET
DOWN TO BUSINESS.

HOW
LOVELY.

YOUR
SINCERITY IS
OVERWHELMING.
A MAN GETS
RIPPED APART*
AND THAT'S ALL
THE SYMPATHY
YOU CAN
MUSTER?

DO
YOU
HAVE SOME-
THING ON THAT
FEEBLE MIND
OF YOURS THAT
YOU'RE TRYING
TO SAY?

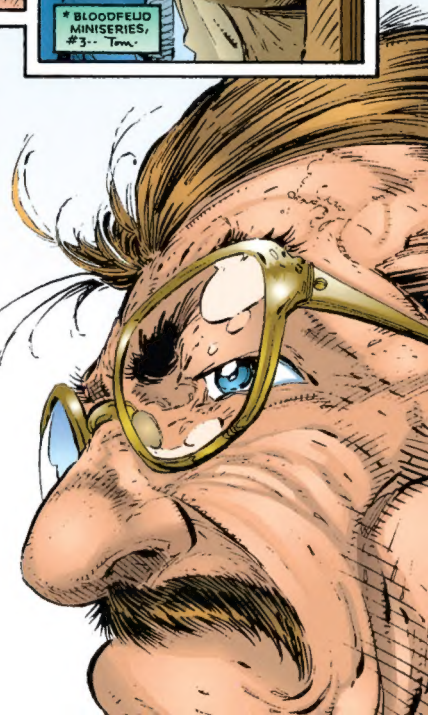
* BLOODFEUD
MINISERIES,
#3 -- Tom.



I'VE PLENTY
TO SAY...
SIR!

THEN
BE A
MAN
ABOUT IT,
AND SAY
IT TO MY
FACE.

Oh, I
WILL!
BELIEVE ME,
I WILL.
YOU'LL JUST
HAVE TO BE
A BIT MORE
PATIENT.
YOUR TIME
IS COMING.



IS THAT
A
THREAT?

YOU CALL IT
WHAT YOU WANT.
NOW, EXCUSE ME.
SOME OF US LIKE
TO *WORK* AROUND
HERE.

SLAM

TROUBLE?

CAN'T
TELL.

WELL, THE WORD
IS BURKE'S BEEN
SNIFFING AROUND LATELY,
MOSTLY IN *YOUR* DIRECTION.
HEARD HE EVEN GOT SOME
OF YOUR PHONE RECORDS.

YOU MIGHT
WANT TO
WATCH YOUR
BACK.

THANKS,
ERIC.
THAT'S *VERY*
USEFUL
INFO.

SORRY,
TWITCH.

WHAT
FOR,
SIR?

I STILL
HAVEN'T NAILED
DOWN THE
CONNECTION BETWEEN
BANKS AND THAT KID-
KILLER *KINCAID*. IT'S
THERE. I KNOW IT. I
JUST KEEP HOPING
THAT IF I PRESSURE
HIM HE'LL
EVENTUALLY
CRACK.

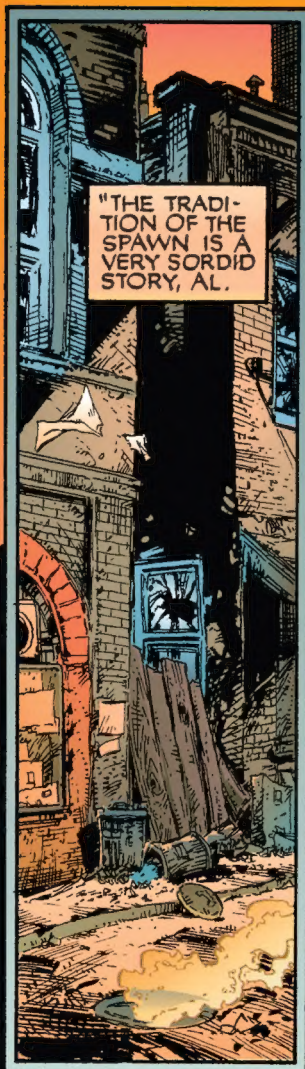
THAT
YOU STAYED
ON THIS CASE
IN MY ABSENCE
MEANS A LOT
TO ME, SIR.

I'M SURE
IT'S BEEN A
TON OF WORK
DOING IT
ALONE.

"--WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
THEY'RE AFRAID?
OF WHAT?"

"YOU..."

"YOUR POTENTIAL, TO BE EXACT."



"THE TRADI-
TION OF THE
SPAWN IS A
VERY SORDID
STORY, AL."



"EACH OF THE
SPAWN CAME
THROUGH THEIR
BAPTISM OF FIRE
WITH VARYING
DEGREES OF
SUCCESS."



"SOME FOUGHT
THEIR NEW
STATUS. SOME
ACCEPTED IT,
TOO WILLINGLY.
BUT NONE
WERE EVER
ABLE TO
REVERSE THE
SITUATION."



" I GUARANTEE THEY'LL NOT
LET **YOU** BE THE FIRST. "

"YOU KNOW WHAT, COG, I DON'T GIVE
A **CRAP** WHAT THEY HAD PLANNED FOR
ME. NO **ONE'S** GOING TO DICTATE
WHAT I DO

"UNFORTUNATELY, AL, THEY ALREADY **HAVE**.
MEANWHILE, YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO DEAL
WITH THE **COST** OF USING YOUR POWERS..."

"...HOW TO **KILL** MORE EFFICIENTLY...
AND HOW TO IGNORE THE **CONSEQUENCES**. "



EACH BEING A
POSITIVE IN YOUR
TRAINING HERE
ON EARTH.

BUT NOW
THERE IS AN X-FACTOR
THEY'VE NEVER DEALT
WITH BEFORE, WHICH
MAKES YOU *DANGER-
OUS* TO THEM.

YOUR
UNIFORM.

WHAT?

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?
THAT I'M SOME
SUPER-
SPAWN?

I DON'T
KNOW.
NONE OF
US DO. BUT
THE
ANSWERS
LIE WITHIN
YOU.
SEARCH
THEM
OUT.


USE THE
COSTUME
TO YOUR
ADVANTAGE...
NOT
THEIRS.

I'M SURE
BY NOW YOU'VE
SEEN *AND* FELT THE
TRANSFORMATION
OF YOUR OUTFIT.
THAT SHOULDN'T
HAVE *HAPPENED...*
AT LEAST NOT
YET.

IT
SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
ANOTHER
SEVEN
YEARS.

OLD MAN,
BESIDES
BEING *CRAZY*,
YOU HAVEN'T
A *CLUE*
HOW...

DON'T
I?



THEN, EVERYTHING BE-
COMES BOTH HELLISH
AND FAMILIAR AS
SPAWN'S BRAIN IS
SEARED BY A KALEIDO-
SCOPIC ARRAY OF
IMAGES.

SCATTERED FRAGMENTS
OF THE PAST FLASH
HELTER-SKELTER. SOME
THEN ARRANGE IN
SHARP FOCUS.

THEY PIVOT AROUND
THE HUMAN NIGHT-
MARE WHO WAS HIS
BOSS. AL'S STRONG
WILL COLLIDED WITH
THAT OF HIS SUPERIOR...
TOO OFTEN FOR
EITHER OF THEM TO
TOLERATE.

THE MAN, BLINDED BY
HIS LUST FOR POWER,
DEMANDED TO BE IN
ULTIMATE CONTROL...
THAT HIS WHIM
DETERMINE THE FATE
OF ALL SITUATIONS.
ALL PARTICIPANTS.

HE GAVE THE ORDERS.

HE SANCTIONED THE
KILLS, THE KILLERS...

HE CONTROLLED
CHAPEL.

WHEN AL
BECAME A
BOTHER, HE WAS
ELIMINATED.
FOR THIS MAN,
THIS DEVIL,
ALWAYS HAD
TO WIN.

WYNN!
DAMN
You.

A HEARTBEAT LATER, THE IMAGES RETREAT. SPAWN IS UNSETTLED, BUT HIS NEURAL PARASITE COSTUME IS INVIGORATED. THE SYMBIOTIC LIVERY, THRIVING ON THE SENSORY INPUT, IS PUMPED AND READY FOR ITS NEXT CHALLENGE.

ITS HOST IS THOROUGHLY WIPED.

YOU OKAY?

FINE.

THEN IT'S TIME YOU BEGAN. YOUR MISSION SHOULD BE CLEAR.

JASON WYNN'S OFFICE, AT THE C.I.A. ...

AS I'VE BEEN SAYING, FITZGERALD, SECURITY HAS BEEN BREACHED RECENTLY.

I'D LIKE YOU TO HEAD UP THE REORGANIZATION OF OUR DATA SECURITY SYSTEMS. THE AGENCY MUST NOT BE COMPROMISED AGAIN. UNDERSTOOD?

YES, SIR.

AS THE WEEK GOES ON, JASON ATTENDS TO OTHER ANNOYING MATTERS.

I'M SLOWLY LOSING PATIENCE, BANKS. TELL ME AGAIN, WITHOUT LAPsing INTO PARANOIA, HOW ONE OF YOUR SUB-ORDINATES COULD POSSIBLY KNOW OF KINCAID.

I DON'T **KNOW**. HE JUST **DOES**. HE **HAS** TO BE THE ONE WHO GAVE ME THE NOTE.

SINCE **YOU** RECEIVED A FILE **700**, BURKE MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO IMPLICATE YOU AS **WELL**.

FOOL! NO MERE DETECTIVE ACCUMULATED THIS INFORMATION. HE WOULD'VE HAD NO WAY TO GAIN ACCESS.

BESIDES, YOUR MASKED VIGILANTE, SPAWN, DELIVERED MINE **PERSONALLY**.*

SPAWN?

* ISSUE #24
--Tom--

WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO WITH BURKE?

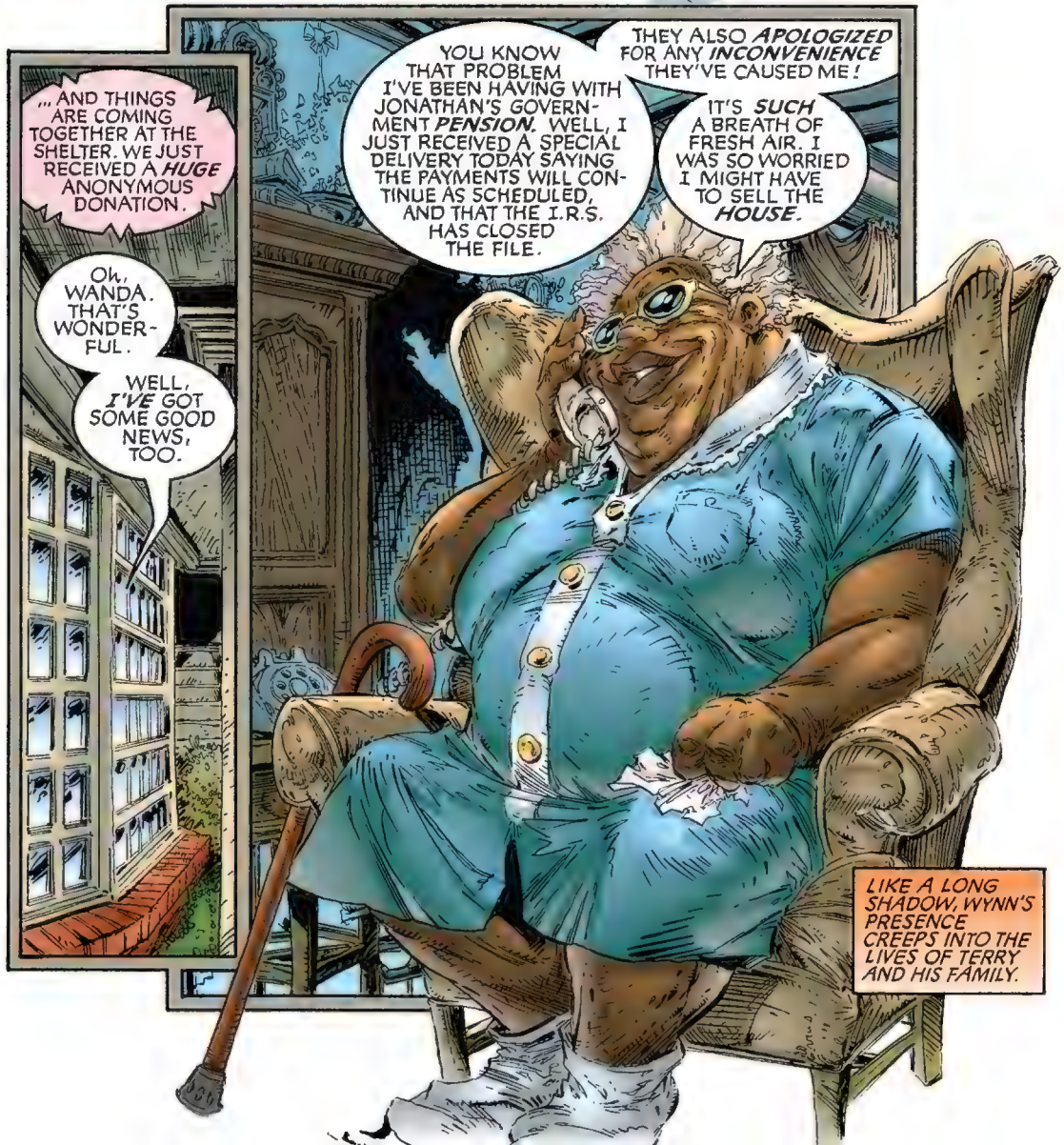
I WILL NOW, YOU CAN **COUNT** ON ME.

NOT SO FAR.

CLICK

YOU DIS-APPOINT ME, BANKS. YOUR OFFICER IS SOME SORT OF **DIVERSION**. OUR **HEADACHE** IS SITTING IN YOUR **BACK YARD**. I SUGGEST YOU ACT RATHER SWIFTLY ON THIS.

POLICE CHIEF LOUIS BANKS KNOWS THE CONSEQUENCE OF FAILING A MAN LIKE WYNN.





NEW YORK
CITY'S 12th
PRECINCT.

BURKE!



I JUST HEARD THAT
BANKS AND A COUPLE OF
HIS ASS-KISSERS JUST TOOK
OFF TO THE ALLEYS. HE WAS
GOING OFF THE DEEP END
ABOUT THAT VIGILANTE,
SPAWN.

DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT'S ABOUT,
BUT SEEING THAT
IT'S YOUR CASE...

THANKS,
BOB.



CRIPES!



THAT
IDIOT
BANKS.
HE'S
GONNA
GET
HIS
THROAT
SLIT.

HE'S
SUP-
POSED
TO KEEP
OUT
OF THE
ALLEYS.

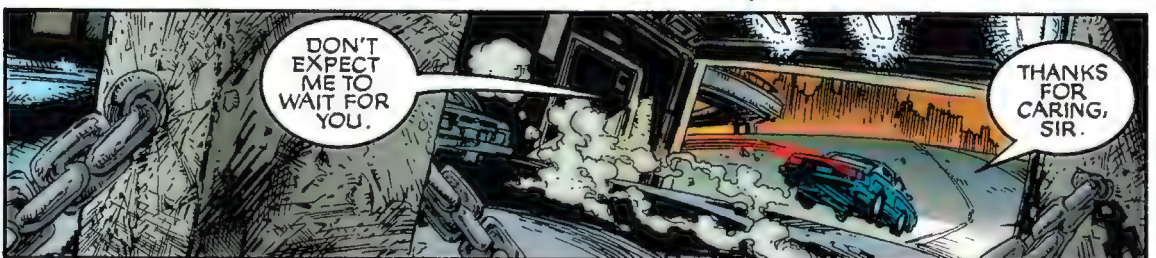
WE
NEVER
GAVE HIM
SPAWN'S
FILE.

HE HAS NO IDEA
WHAT HE'S WALKING
INTO.

I'VE GOT TO
GET TO HIM
BEFORE SPAWN
DOES.

YOU
COMING?

EVERY
STEP OF
THE WAY,
SIR.



DON'T
EXPECT
ME TO
WAIT FOR
YOU.

THANKS
FOR
CARING,
SIR.

ELSEWHERE...

JENSEN.
PULL UP OVER
THERE.

EVENING,
GENTLEMEN. I'D
LIKE A FEW MOMENTS
OF YOUR TIME.

WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
A MAN WHO GOES
BY THE NAME OF
'SPAWN.'

NEED TO
ASK A FEW
QUESTIONS.

DON'T KNOW
ABOUT ANY
PRAWNS.

WE
SAID **SPAWN**,
WISE GUY! HE'S BEEN
FAIRLY *ACTIVE* IN
THIS AREA. THOUGHT
WE MIGHT HAVE
A *CHAT* WITH
THE BOY.

THAT'S
ENOUGH,
JENSEN. I'M
SURE WE'VE
MADE OUR
POINT.

WE CAN
CONTINUE ON
OUR OWN
NOW.

UNFLY...



YOU
PUKES!
GOING TO
KICK SOME
PUPPIES,
TOO?

AS THE OFFICERS MELT
INTO THE ALLEY'S
SHADOWS, ONE OF THE
HOMELESS STANDS
TRANSFIXED.

DARK
EMOTION
BEGINS
TO BOIL.

IN LIFE, AS A C.I.A.-
TRAINED ASSASSIN,
AL SIMMONS LIVED
FOR THESE MOMENTS.

SCREW
OFF.

PLEASE.
LET'S NOT
LOWER
OUR-
SELVES.

THEY'RE WHAT GAVE HIM
A PURPOSE. WHAT MADE
HIM WHOLE.

AND THOUGH HE REALIZES
THIS IS A DISTRACTION FROM
HIS MAIN TARGET, JASON WYNN,
IT SHOULD SERVE QUITE
NICELY AS A WARM-UP.



DOESN'T
LOOK GOOD,
CHIEF. IT'S
BEEN AN HOUR
AND WE AIN'T
SEEN
NOTHING.

THEN WE'LL
SPEND *ANOTHER* HOUR
UNTIL WE...

?

BANKS SPOTS A
MAKESHIFT FENCE
WHERE THERE
SHOULDN'T BE ONE.



THEN, A TWO-BLOCK
WALK THROUGH
NEAR-DARKNESS
BRINGS THEM TO A
DEAD END.

JEEZ.



WELL, WELL.
LOOKS LIKE
WE FOUND
OUR FRIEND'S
LITTLE
HIDEOUT.

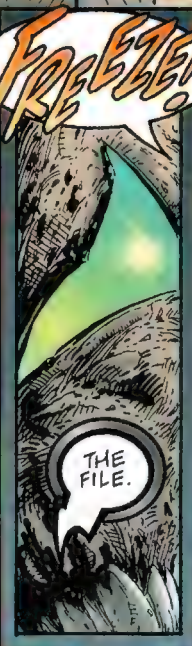




I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT.

I THOUGHT
YOU AND
BURKE
WERE...

FREEZE!



THE
FILE.

YOU
DIDN'T
DELIVER IT.
WHY?

TOO MUCH
INTERESTING
CRAP IN IT.
ISN'T THAT
RIGHT,
CHIEF?



LIKE STUFF
ABOUT YOUR
BUDDY
KINCAID. *

* ISSUE 5...Tom.

KINCAID!

STOP IT,
SPAWN!



YOU
BOTH
HAVE A
LOT TO
ANSWER
FOR.

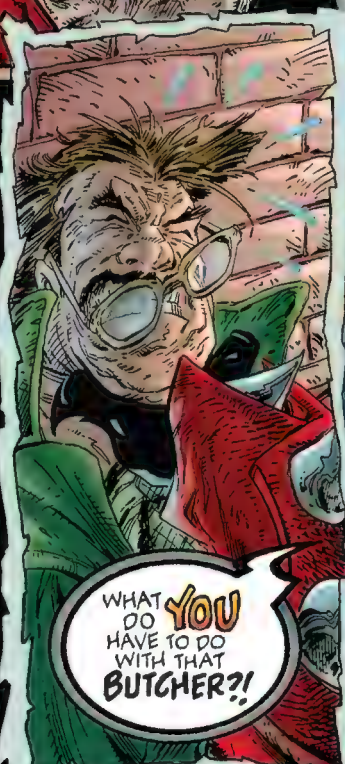


TELL ME.
NOW!

STOP
IT!



IT
WAS
WYNN.



WHAT
DO
YOU
HAVE TO DO
WITH THAT
BUTCHER?!

WHAT'D
HE SAY?

HE
WHISPERED
SOMETHING.

**SPAWN SAYS NOTHING. YET
AGAIN HE'S BEEN REMINDED
WHO THE TRUE ENEMY IS.**

**OKAY, TOUGH
GUY. I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO DRAG
BOTH YOUR BUTTS
DOWNTOWN.**

I KNOW
THAT.

WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH
THIS BEFORE. *
YOUR GUNS
CAN'T HURT
ME.

BUT LET'S
JUST SEE HOW
FAST YOU
REGENERATE YOUR
HEAD AFTER I **BLOW**
IT OFF YOUR
SHOULDERS.

KIND OF
DIFFICULT TO
RUN AWAY
WITH NO
EYEBALLS.

*ISSUE #23 -- TOWN.

**SPAWN HADN'T
CONSIDERED
THAT SCENARIO.**



**BUT, BEFORE
EITHER DETECTIVE
HAS A CHANCE
TO DEFEND
AGAINST THE
COSTUME, IT AND
ITS BEARER ARE
GONE.**

CRIPES!

THE MOMENTS HAVE BECOME HARDER TO FIND, BUT TODAY WANDA, TERRY AND THEIR DAUGHTER CYAN ARE QUIETLY BEING A FAMILY TOGETHER.

I'M JUST GETTING MORE CONFUSED BY IT ALL.

NOW THAT WYNN'S BROUGHT ME INTO HIS INNER CIRCLE, I CAN FIND OUT IF HE SUSPECTS ME OF SOMETHING... OR IF HE'S TELLING THE **TRUTH**, THAT HE'S BEING **SET UP**.

EITHER WAY, I'M SCREWED

NO DA DA!
NO!
giggle!
giggle!

YOU'RE RIGHT. IF SOMEONE'S POINTING ALL THE INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE HIS WAY, WE'RE BACK TO SQUARE ONE-- UNLESS WYNN CAN HELP US.

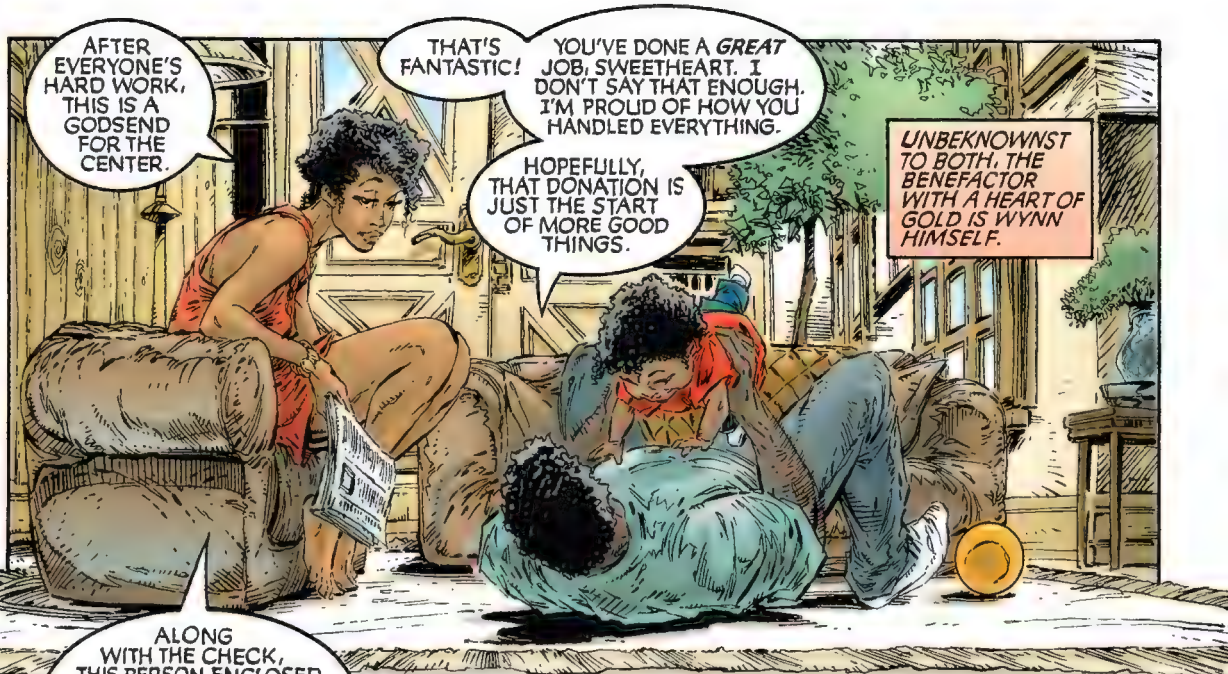
BUT IF HE'S LYING...

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET HIM KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING BEHIND HIS BACK. WHICH MAKES HIS FRIENDLINESS TOWARD YOU EVEN CREEPIER.

IT SEEMS LIKE WE JUST KEEP HITTING WALLS.

MEANWHILE, I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS TODAY. WE JUST RECEIVED A **HUGE** ANONYMOUS DONATION AT THE CHILDREN'S SOCIETY. LARGER THAN I COULD EVER IMAGINE. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL FINALLY BE ABLE TO START THAT URGENT CARE WARD AT THE HOSPITAL.

ONLY \$19



AFTER EVERYONE'S HARD WORK, THIS IS A GODSEND FOR THE CENTER.

THAT'S FANTASTIC!

YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, SWEETHEART. I DON'T SAY THAT ENOUGH. I'M PROUD OF HOW YOU HANDLED EVERYTHING.

HOPEFULLY, THAT DONATION IS JUST THE START OF MORE GOOD THINGS.

UNBEKNOWNST TO BOTH, THE BENEFACITOR WITH A HEART OF GOLD IS WYNN HIMSELF.

ALONG WITH THE CHECK, THIS PERSON ENCLOSED A NOTE EXPRESSING HIS LOVE FOR ALL CHILDREN, AND ADDING THAT HE HAS NONE OF HIS OWN.

MORE, DAD-DA! MORE!

OKAY, KIDDO. STOP SQUIRMING. YOU'RE GOING TO KICK...

TERRY!

Um...
CHUCKLE

...YOU OKAY?!

CYAN! LOOK WHAT YOU DID. NOW YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS!

VERY FUNNY.

AGAIN! ME DO AGAIN.

...SOME THING.

UG.

A CALM
BEFORE
THE STORM.



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT!

EVERYTHING!
MY WIFE.
MY LIFE.
NORMALITY.

WHAT
ARE YOU?

EXACTLY
WHAT YOU
MADE ME...
NOTHING!

YOU SEE, I'M
HERE TO EVEN
A SCORE.

IT'S
MY
TURN
TO KILL
YOU.



BUT, BEFORE I
SEND YOU TO HELL, I
WANT TO KNOW
WHY I WAS
ELIMINATED!

YOU'RE
INSANE.



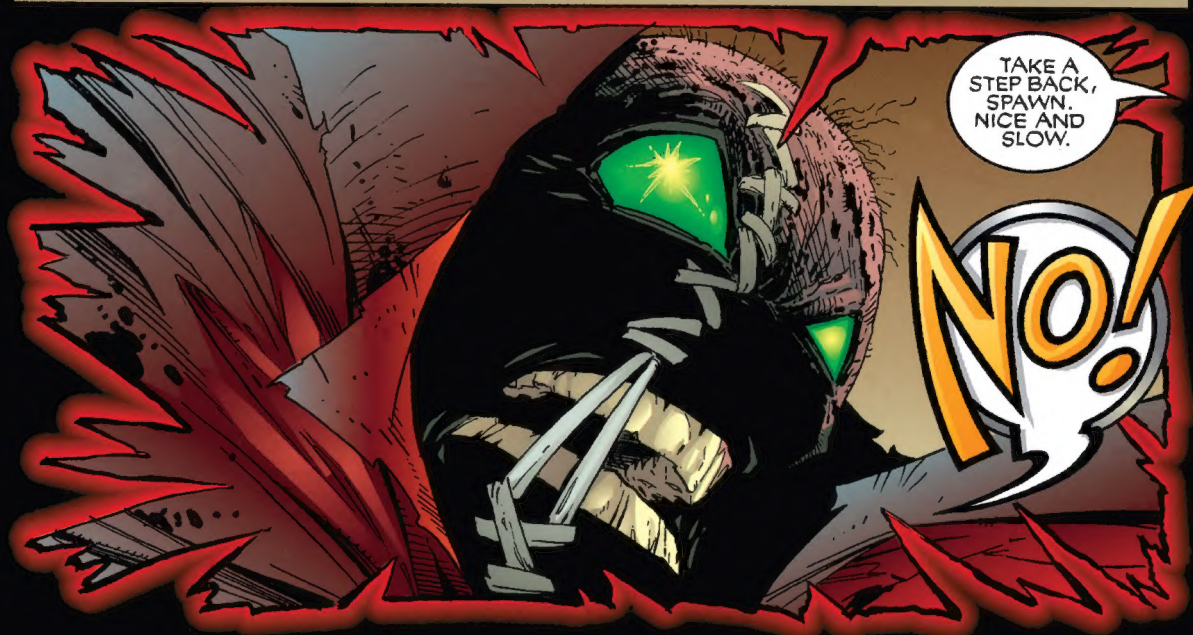
**WRONG
ANSWER!**

AND WHAT
MAKES THIS EVEN
MORE SICKENING IS THAT
YOU STILL HAVEN'T A CLUE
WHO I AM. THE POOL OF
BLOOD YOU SWIM IN
HAS DILUTED YOUR
MEMORY.

YOU WON'T
GET TEN FEET
FROM HERE
BEFORE YOU'RE
A DEAD MAN.

SNAP!

WYNN'S ARM
BREAKS LIKE
A TWIG.



NOT YOU
TOO,
TERRY!

IS EVERYONE
CONTROLLED BY
THIS DEVIL?

IT'S NOT
THAT
SIMPLE.



NEXT ISSUE—
**BETRAYAL
AND PAIN**





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE